“In Vain, He Waits”
Koopaboo

An angel cannot fly
without wings.

Lace frills sigh,
as they know the weight of things.

White gloves hide hands
that tremble in prayer.

A top hat bows low,
to greet the still air.

The snow meets his gaze—
yet golden swirls remain.

Bluebells cannot grow
where frost lies in vain.